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Blijdschap doet, het leven verlanghen.

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*Very pleaſant and delightfull to be read.*

Of the Parents and Birth of Fryer *Bacon*, and how he addicted himſelfe to Learning.

HE was borne by moſt mens opinions in the Weſt part of England, and was ſonne to a wealthy Farmer, who put him to Schoole to the Parſon of the Towne where hée was borne; not with intent that hée ſhould turne Fryer (as he did) but to get ſo much underſtanding, that he might manage the better that wealth he was to leave him. But young

Bacon tooke his learning so fast, that the Priest could not teach him any more, which made him desire his Master that hee would speake to his Father to put him to Oxford, that hee might not lose that little learning that hee had gayned: his Master was very willing so to doe, and one day meeting his Father, told him, that hee had received a great blessing of God, in that hee had given him so wise and hopefull a Childe, as his Sonne Roger Bacon was (for so was he named) and wished him withall to doe his duty, and so to bring up his Childe, that hee might shew his thankefulnesse to God, which could not better be done than in making of him a Scholler, for hee found by his sodaine taking of his learning, that he was a Childe likely to prove a very great Clarke: hereat old Bacon was not well pleased (for he desired to bring him up to Plough and to the Cart, as he himselfe was brought) yet he for reverence sake to the Priest, shewed not his anger, but kindly thanked him for his paines and counsell, yet desired him not to speake any more concerning that matter: for he knew best what best pleased himselfe, and that he would do: so broake they off their talke, and parted.

So soone as the old man came home, hee called to his Sonne for his Bookes, which when he had, he locked them up, and gave the Boy a Cart-whip in the place of them, saying to him: Boy, I will have you no Priest, you shall not be better learned than I: you can tell now by the Almanacke when it is best sowing Wheat, when Barley, Pease, and Beanes: and when the best libbing is, when to sell Graine and Cattle I will teach thee: for I have all Faires & Markets as perfect in my memory, as Sir Iohn our priest has Masse without Booke: take me this whip, I will teach thee the use of it, it will be more profitable to thee than this harsh Latine: make no reply but follow my counsell, or else by the Masse thou shalt feele the smart hand of my anger. Young Bacon thought this but hard dealing, yet would he not reply, but within five or eight

dayes he gave his Father the slip, and went to a Cloyster some twenty miles off, where he was entertained, and so continued his learning, and in small time came to be so famous, that he was sent for to the University of Oxford, where he long time studyed, and grew so excellent in the secrets of Art and Nature, that not England onely, but all Christendome admired him.

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How the King sent for Fryer *Bacon*, and of the wonderfull things he shewed the King and Queene.

The King being in Oxfordshire at a Noblmans house was very desirous to see this famous Fryer, for hee had heard many times of his wonderous things that hee had done by his Art: therefore he sent one for him to desire him to come to the Court. Fryer Bacon kindly thanked the King by the Messenger, and said, that he was at the Kings service, and would suddainely attend him: but Sir, saith he (to the Gentleman) I pray make you hast, or else I shall be two houres before you at the Court. For all your learning (answered the Gentleman) I can hardly beleeve this, for schollers, old-men and travellers, may lye by authority. To strenthen your beleefe (said Fryer Bacon) I could presently shew you the last Wench that you lay withall, but I will not at this time. One is as true as the other (said the Gentleman) and I would laugh to see either. You shall see them both within these foure houres, quoth the Fryer, and therefore make what haste you can. I will prevent that by my spæde (said the Gentleman) and with that rid his way; but he rode out of his way, as it should seeme; for he had but five miles to ride, and yet was he better than three houres a riding them, so that Fryer Bacon by his Art was with the King before he came.

The King kindly welcomed him, and saide that hee long

long time had desired to see him: for hee had as yet not heard of his life. Fryer Bacon answered him, that fame had belyde him, and given him that report that his poore studies had never deserved, for he beleeved that Art had many Sonnes more excellent than himselfe was. The King commended him for his modesty, and told him, that nothing did become a wise man lesse than boasting: But yet withall he requested him now to be no niggard of his knowledge, but to shew his Queene and him some of his skill. I were worthy of neither Art or knowledge (quoth Fryer Bacon) should I deny your Majesty this small request: I pray seat your selves, and you shall see presently what my poore skill can performe. the King, Queene, and Nobles sate them all downe, They having so done, the Fryer waved his wand, and presently was heard such excellent Musicke that they were all amazed, for they all said they had never heard the like. This is, said the Fryer, to delight the sense of hearing. I will delight all your other senses ere you depart hence: so waving his wand againe, there was lowder musicke heard, and presently five dancers entred, the first like a Court-Laundresse, the second like a Lotman, the third like an Usurer, the fourth like a prodigall, the fift like a Foole: these did divers excellent changes, so that they gave content to all the beholders, and having done their Dance, they all vanished away in their order as they came in. Thus feasted he two of their senses. Then waved hee his wand againe, and there was another kinde of musicke heard, and whilest it was a playing there was sodainely before them a table richly covered with all sorts of delicates: Then desired he the King and Queene to taste of some certaine rare fruits that were on the Table, which they and the Nobles there present did, and were very highly pleased with the taste: they being satisfied, all vanished away on the sodaine. Then waved he his wand againe, and sodainly there was such a smell, as if all the rich perfumes in the whole world had beene there prepared in the best manner that Art could

could set them out: whilst he feasted thus their smelling he waved his wand againe, and there came divers Nations in sundry habits (as Russians, Polanders, Indians, Armenians) all bringing sundry kindes of Furres, such as their Countries yelded: all which they presented to the King and Queene: these Furres were so soft in the touch that they highly pleased all those that handled them; then after some odde fantasticke dances (after their Countrey manner) they vanished away: then asked Fryer Bacon the Kings Majesty, if that hée desired any more of his skill? The King answered that he was fully satisfied for that time, and that he onely now thought of something that hee might bestow on him, that might partly satisfie the kindnesse that he had received. Fryer Bacon said, that he desired nothing so much as his Majesties love, and if that hee might be assured of that, hée would thinke himselfe happy in it: for that (said the King) be thou ever sure of it, in token of which receive this Jewell, and withall gave him a costly Jewell from his necke. The Fryer did with great reverence thanke his Majesty, and said: as your Majesties vassall you shall ever finde me ready to doe you service, your time of néede shall finde it both beneficiall and delightfull. But amongst all these Gentlemen I sée not the man that your Grace did send for mee by, sure hée hath lost his way, or else met with some sport that detaines him so long. I promised to be heere before him, and all this noble assembly can witnesse I am as good as my word: I heare him comming: with that entered the Gentleman all bedurted (for he had rid through ditches, quagmires, plashes, and waters, that he was in a most pittifull case) hée seeing the Fryer there looked full angerly, and bid a pox on all his Devils, for they had led him out of his way, and almost drowned him. Bée not angry Sir, (said Fryer Bacon) here is an old friend of yours that hath more cause: for shée hath tarried these three houres for you (with that hee pulled up the Hangings, and behind them stood a

kitchin-Mayd with a basting-ladle in her hand: ) now am I as good as my word with you: for I promised to helpe you to your sweet-heart, how doe you like this? So ill, answered the Gentleman, that I will be revenged of you. Threaten not (said Fryer Bacon) least I doe you more shame, and doe you take heed how you give Schollers the lye againe: but because I know not how well you are stored with money at this time, I will beare your Wenches charges home: with that shee vanished away: The King, Queene, and all the company laughed to see with what shame this Gentleman indured the sight of his greasie sweete-heart: but the Gentleman went away discontented. This done, Fryer Bacon tooke his leave of the King and Queene, and received from them divers gifts (as well as thankes) for his Art hee shewed them.

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## How Fryer *Bacon* deceived his Man, that would fast for his conscience sake.

FRyer Bacon had one onely man to attend on him, and hee too was none of the wisest, for hee kept him in Charity, more than for any service he had of him. This man of his (named Miles,) never could indure to fast as other Religious persons did, for alwayes he had in one corner, or another, flesh which hee would eate when his Master eate bread onely, or else did fast and abstaine from all things. Fryer Bacon seeing this, thought at one time or other to bee even with him, which hee did one Fryday in this manner: Miles on the Thursday night had provided a great black-pudding for his Frydayes fast: This Pudding put he in his pocket (thinking belike to heate it so, for his Master had no fire on those daies:) on the next day, who was so demure as Miles, hee looked as though hee would not have eate any thing: when his Master

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Maſter offered him ſome bread, he refuſed it, ſaying, his ſinnes deſerved a greater penance than one dayes faſt in a whole weeke: his Maſter commended him for it, and bid him take héede that he did not diſſemble, for if he did it would at laſt be knowne: then were I worſe then a Turke, ſaid Miles: ſo went he forth as if he would have gone to pray privately, but it was for nothing but to prey upon his blacke-pudding: that pulled he out, (for it was halfe roaſted with the heate of his bumme) and fell to it luſtily; but he was deceived, for having put one end in his mouth, he could neither get it out againe nor bite it off, ſo that he ſtamped out for helpe: his Maſter hearing him, came, and finding him in that manner, tooke hold of the other end of the pudding, and led him to the Hall, and ſhewed him to all the Schollers, ſaying: Sée here my good friends and fellow ſtudents, what a devout man my ſervant Miles is, hée loveth not to breake a faſt day, witneſſe this pudding that his conſcience will not let him ſwallow: I will have him to be an example for you all, then tyed hée him to a window by the end of the pudding, where poore Miles ſtood like a Beare tyed by the noſe to a ſtake, and indured many ſcoutes and mockes: at night his Maſter releaſed him from his penance; Miles was glad of it, and did vow never to breake more faſt dayes whilſt that he lived.

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## How Fryer *Bacon* ſaved a Gentleman that had given himſelfe to the Devill.

IN Oxfordſhire there lived a Gentleman, that had through his ryotous expences waſted a faire Inheritance that was left him by his Father: After which hée grew ſo poore, that hee had not wherewith to buy himſelfe ſo much bread as would maintaine his miſerable life: the memory of his former ſtate that hee had lived

in, and the present want that he now sustained, made him to grow desperate and regardlesse both of his soule and bodies estate: which gave the Devill occasion to worke upon his weakenesse in this manner following.

On a time, hée being alone full of griefe and care, (griefe for his follies past, and care how to get a poore living for the remainder of his dayes) the Devill came unto him and asked him what he wanted (he came not in a shape terrible) but like an old penny-father.) This Gentleman was amazed at his sodaine presence, but hearing him demaund of his wants, hée tooke to him courage and said: I want all things, I want money to buy me apparell, money to buy me meate, money to redéeme my Land, and money to pay my debts: Can or will you helpe mée in this misery? I will, answered the Devill, on some conditions helpe you to money for to supply all these wants, and that sodainely. On any conditions, said the Gentleman, helpe me, and I sweare to performe them: I take no Othes (answered the Devill) I must have Bonds; if you will doe so, méete me by the Woods-side to morrow morning, and there I will have the money ready. I will, said the Gentleman (for hée poore man was glad of it on any conditions, as hée saide before.) The next day he went to the Wood, where the Devill had promised to méete him: long had hée not béene there, but he beheld the Devill comming, and after him two other like Servingmen, with Bagges of money: this reioyced the poore Gentlemans heart to thinke that he should once againe live like a man. The Devill comming to him said: Sonne, I will performe my promise unto you if that you will seale to the conditions that I have héere already drawne: willingly said the Gentleman. I will, I pray reade them. The Devill read them to this effect: that he lent him so much money as he should have néede of, to be imployed to these uses following: First, to redéeme his morgag'd Land: next to pay his debts: lastly, to buy him such necessaries, as he wan-

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ted: to be lent on this condition, That so soone as hée had payd all debts, that he should bee at the lenders disposing, and without any delay, freely to yéeld himselfe to him upon the first demand of the aforesayd lender. To this the Gentleman sealed, and had the money carryed to his Chamber, with which money hee in short time redéemed his Land, and bought such thing as he néeded, and likewise payd all his debts, so that there was not any man that could aske him one penny.

Thus lived this Gentleman once againe in great credit, and grew so great a husband that hée increased his estate, and was richer than ever his Father before him was: but long did not this ioy of his continue, for one day hée being in his Study the Devill appeared unto him, and did tell him that now his Land was redeemed, and his debts payd, and therefore the time was come that hée must yéeld himselfe to his mercy, as hee was bound by Bond. This troubled the Gentleman to heare, but more to thinke how that he must become a slave to a stranger that hee did not know, (for hee knew not as yet that he was the Devill) but being urged to answer for himselfe (by the Devill) he said that he had not as yet payd all his debts, and therefore as yet he was not lyable to the bonds strait conditions. At this the Devill séemed angry, and with a fearefull noyse transformed himselfe to an ugly shape, saying; Alas poore wretch, these are poore excuses that thou frameſt, I know them all to be false, and so will prove them to thy face to morrow morning, till then I leave thee to despaire: So with great noyse he went his way, leaving the Gentleman halfe dead with feare.

When hee was gone, the Gentleman reviving bethought himselfe in what a miserable state he was now in; then wished he that he had lived and died poorely, then cursed he all his ambitious thoughts, that led him first to desire againe that wealth which he had so vainely by his ryot lost: then would hee curse his prodigall expences

that were the originall of all his misery: thus was he tormented a long time in his minde, at last he fully resolved to end his wretched life by some violent death, and to that end hee went forth thinking to kill himselfe, which he had done, had it not béene for the Fryer: for as he was falling upon his sword. Fryer Bacon came by and called to him to hold, which he did. Fryee Bacon demanded of him, the cause why he was so desperate that he would run headlong to hell: O sir, sad hee, the cause is great, and the relation is so terrible to me, that I would intreat you not to trouble me any more, but to leave me to my owne will: this answer filled the Fryer with amazement and pitty both at once, which made him to urge him in this manner. Sir, should I leave you to this wilful damnation, I were unfit ever hereafter to weare or touch any robe that belongeth unto the holy order, whereof I am a Brother: you know (I doubt not) that there is given power to the Church to absolve penitent sinners, let not your wilfulnesse take away from you that benefit which you may receive by it: freely confesse your selfe (I pray you) unto me, and doubt not but I shall give your troubled conscience ease: Father (said this Gentleman) I know all that you have spoken is truth, and I have many times received comfort from the Mother Church, (I dare not say Our, for I feare that shée will never receive mee for a Childe) I have no part in her benediction; yet since you request so earnestly the cause, I will tell you, heare it and tremble. Know then that I have giveu my selfe to the Devill for a little wealth, and he to morrow in this Wood must have me: now have you my griefe, but I know not how to get comfort.

This is strange (quoth Fryer Bacon) yet bee of good comfort, penitentiall teares may doe much, which see you doe not spare: soone I will visit you at your house, and give you that comfort (I hope) that will beget you againe to goodnesse: the Gentleman with these words was somewhat comforted and returned home. At night Fryer

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Bacon came to him, and found him full of teares for his haynous offences, for these teares he gave him hope of pardon, demanding further what conditions he had made with the Devil: the Gentleman told him, how that he had promised himselfe to him so soone as hee had payd all his debts: which he now had done, for he owed not one peny to any man living. Well, said Fryer Bacon, continue thy sorrow for thy sinnes, and to morrow méete him without feare, and be thou content to stand to the next mans iudgement that shall come that way, whether thou dost belong to the Devill or no: feare not, but doe so, and be thou assured that I will be hee that shall come by, and will give such iudgement on thy side, that thou shalt bee frée from him: with that Fryer Bacon went home, and the Gentleman went to his prayers.

In the morning the Gentleman (after that he had blessed himselfe) went to the Wood where hée found the Devill ready for him, so soone as he came neare, the devil said, now deceiver are you come, now shalt thou sée that I can and will prove that thou hast payd all thy debts, and therefore thy soule belongeth to me. Thou art a deceiver (said the Gentleman) and gavest me money to cheate me of my soule, for else why wilt thou be thy owne iudge: let me have some other to iudge betwéene us. Content said the devill, take whom thou wilt: then I will have (said the Gentleman) the next man that commeth this way: hereto the Devill agréed. No sooner were these words ended, but Fryer Bacon came by, to whom the Gentleman spake, and requested, that he would be Iudge in a weighty matter betwéene them two: the Fryer said, he was content, so both parties were agréed: the devill said they were, and told Fryer Bacon how the case stood betwéene them in this manner.

Know Fryer, that I séeing this prodigall like to starve for want of food, lent him money, not onely to buy him victuals, but also to redéeme his lands and pay his debts, conditionally that so soone as his debts were payd, that

he

hée ſhould give himſelfe frée ly to me; to this here is his hand (ſhewing him the Bond) now my time is expired, for all his debts are payd which hee cannot deny. This caſe is plaine, if it be ſo that his debts are payd: his ſilence confirmes it, ſaid the Devill, therefore give him a iuſt ſentence. I will, ſaid Fryer Bacon: But firſt tell me (ſpeaking to the Gentleman:) didſt thou never yet give the Devill any of his money backe, nor requite him any wayes: never had he any thing of me as yet (anſwered the Gentleman) then never let him have any thing of thée and thou art frée: Deceiver of mankind, ſaid hée (ſpeaking to the Devill) it was thy bargaine, never to meddle with him ſo long as he was indebted to any; now how canſt thou demand of him any thing, when he is indebted for all that he hath to thée, when he payeth thée thy money, then take him as thy due; till then thou haſt nothing to doe with him: and ſo I charge thée to be gone. At this the Devill vaniſhed with great horror: but Fryer Bacon comforted the Gentleman, and ſent him home with a quiet conſcience, bidding him never to pay the Devils money backe as he tendred his owne ſafety: which he promiſed for to obſerve.

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How Fryer *Bacon* made a Braſen head to ſpeake, by the which he would have walled *England* about with Braſſe.

FRyer Bacon reading one day of the many conqueſts of England, bethought himſelfe how he might kéepe it hereafter from the like conqueſts, and ſo make himſelfe famous hereafter to all poſterities. This (after great ſtudy) hée found could be no way ſo well done as one, which was to make a head of Braſſe, and if he could make this head to ſpeake (and heare it when it ſpeakes) then might hée bée able to wall England about with Braſſe. To this purpoſe he got one Fryer Bungey to aſſiſt him, who was a great Scholler and a Magician,

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(but not to be compared to Fryer Bacon:) these two with great study and paines so framed a head of Brasse that in the inward parts thereof there was all things like as in a naturall mans head: this being done, they were as farre from perfection of the worke as they were before, for they knew not how to give those parts that they had made motion, without which it was impossible that it should speake: Many Bookes they read, but yet could not finde out any hope of what they sought, that at the last they concluded to raise a spirit, and to know of him that which they could not attaine to by their owns studies. To doe this they prepared all things ready, and went one evening to a Wood thereby, and after many ceremonies used, they spake the words of Conjuration, which the Devill straight obeyed and appeared unto them, asking what they would? Know, said Fryer Bacon that we have made an artificiall head of Brasse, which wee would have to speake, to the furtherance of which wee have raised thee, and being raysed, wee will heere keepe thee, unlesse thou tell us the way and manner how to make this head to speake. The Devill told him that hee had not that power of himselfe: Beginner of lyes (said Fryer Bacon) I know that thou doest dissemble, and therefore tell it us quickly, or else we will here bind thee to remaine during our pleasures. At these threatnings the devill consented to doe it, and told them, that with a continuall fume of the fire hottest simples it should have motion, and in one moneth space speake, the time of the Moneth or day he knew not, also he told them, that if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their labour should be lost: they being satisfied, licenced the Spirit for to depart.

Then went these two learned Fryers home againe, and prepared the Simples ready, and made the fume and with continuall watching attended when this Brasen head would speake: Thus watched they for three Weekes without any rest, so that they were so weary

and ſléepie, that they could not any longer reſraine from reſt: Then called Fryer Bacon his man Miles, and told him that it was not unknowne to him what paines Fryer Bungey and himſelfe had taken for three weekes ſpace, onely to make, and to heare the Brazen-head ſpeake, which if they did not, then had they loſt all their labour, and all England had a great loſſe thereby: therefore he intreated Miles that he would watch whilſt that they ſléepe, and call them if the Head ſpake. Feare not, good Maſter (ſaid Miles) I will not ſléepe, but hearken and attend upon the head, and if it chance to ſpeake, I will call you, therefore I pray take you both your reſts, and let me alone for watching this Head: After Fryer Bacon had given him a great charge: The ſecond time, Fryer Bungey and he went to ſléepe, and left Miles alone to watch the Brazen-Head: Miles, to kéepe him from ſléeping, got a Taber and Pipe, and being merry diſpoſed, ſung this Song to a Northerne tune of:

Cam'ſt thou not from New-Caſtle.

To couple is a cuſtome,
all things thereto agree:
Why ſhould not I then love?
ſince love to all is free.

But Ile have one thats pretty,
her cheekes of ſcarlet die,
For to breede my delight,
when that I ligge her by.

Though vertue be a Dowry,
yet Ile chuſe money ſtore:
If my Love proove untrue,
with that I can get more.

The faire is oft unconſtant,
the blacke is often proud,

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Ile chuſe a lovely browne,
come Fidler ſcrape thy crowd.

Come Fidler ſcrape thy crowd.
for *Peggie* the browne is ſhee,
Muſt be my Bride, God guide,
that *Peggie* and I agree.

With his owne muſike, and ſuch ſongs as theſe ſpent hee his time, and kept himſelfe from ſléeping, at laſt, after ſome noyſe the Head ſpake theſe two words, Time is. Miles hearing it to ſpeake no more, thought his Maſter would be angry if he waked him for that, and therefore he let them both ſléepe, and began to mocke the Head in this manner. Thou Brazen-faced Head, hath my Maſter toke all this paines about thée, and now doeſt thou requite him with two words, Time is: had he watched with a Lawyer ſo long as hée hath watched with thée, he would have given him more, and better words than thou haſt yet; if thou canſt ſpeake no wiſer, they ſhall ſléepe till domes day for me: Time is: I know Time is, and that you ſhall heare goodman Brazen-face.

To the tune of, Dainty come thou to me.

Time is for ſome to plant,
Time is for ſome to ſow;
Time is for ſome to graft
The horne as ſome doe know.

Time is for ſome to eate,
Time is for ſome to ſleepe,
Time is for ſome to laugh,
Time is for ſome to weepe.

Time is for ſome to ſing,
Time is for ſome to pray,

Time is for some to creepe,
That have drunke all the day.

Time is to cart a Bawd,
Time is to whip a Whore,
Time is to hang a Theefe,
And time is for much more.

Doe you tell us Copper-nose, when Time is, I hope we Schollers know our Times, when to drinke drunke, when to kisse our Hostis, when to goe on her score, and when to pay it, that time comes seldome. After halfe an houre had passed, the Head did speake againe two words which were these: Time was. Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and would not wake them, but still scoffed at the Brasen-head, that it had learned no better words, and had such a Tutor as his Master: and in scorne of it sung this Song,

To the tune of a rich Merchant man.

Time was when thou a Kettle
wert fill'd with better matter;
But Fryer *Bacon* did thee spoyle,
when he thy sides did batter.

Time was when conscience dwelled
with men of occupation:
Time was when Lawyers did not thrive,
so well by mens vexation.

Time was when Kings and Beggers
of one poore stuffe had being:
Time was when office kept no knaves,
that time it was worth seeing.

Time was a bowle of water,
did give the face reflection:

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Time was when women knew no paine,
which now they call complexion.

Time was: I know that Brasen-face, without your telling, I know that time was, and I know what things there was when Time was, and if you speake no wiser, no Master shall be waked of me. Thus Miles talked and sung till another halfe houre was gone, then this Brasen-head spake againe these words: Time is past: and therewith fell downe, and presently followed a terrible noyse, with strange flashes of fire, so that Miles was halfe dead with feare: At this noyse the two Fryers awaked, and wondred to see the whole roome so full of smoake. but that being vanished they might perceive the Brasen-head broken, and lying on the ground: at this sight they grieved, and called Miles to know how this came. Miles halfe dead with feare, said that it fell downe of it selfe, and that with the noyse and fire that followed he was almost frighted out of his wits: Fryer Bacon asked him if hee did not speake: yes (quoth Miles) it spake, but to no purpose, Ile have a Parret speake better in that time that you have beene teaching this Brasen-head. Out on thee villaine (said Fryer Bacon) thou hast undone us both, hadst thou but called us when it did speake, all England had beene walled round about with Brasse, to its glory and our eternall fames: what were the words it spake? very few (said Miles) and those were none of the wisest that I have heard neither: first he said Time is. Hadst thou call'd us then (said Fryer Bacon) we had beene made for ever: then (said Miles) halfe an houre after it spake againe and said, Time was. And wouldst thou not call us then (said Bungey?) Alas (said Miles) I thought it would have told me some long Tale, and then I purposed to have called you: Then halfe an houre after he cryed Time is past, and made such a noyse, that he hath waked you himselfe mee thinkes. At this Fryer Bacon was in such a rage, that hee would

have beaten his man, but he was restrayned by Bungey: but nevertheless for his punishment he with his Art stricke him dumbe for one whole Moneths space. Thus that great worke of these learned Fryers was overthrowne (to their great griefes) by this simple fellow.

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How Fryer *Bacon* by his Art tooke a towne, when the King had lyen before it three Moneths, without doing to it any hurt.

IN those times when Fryer Bacon did all his strange trickes, the King of England had a great part of France, which they held a long time, till civill warres at home in this Land made them to lose it: It did chance that the King of England (for some cause best knowne to himselfe) went into France with a great Armie, where after many victories he did besiege a strong Towne, and lay before it full three moneths, without doing to the Towne any great dammage, but rather received the hurt himselfe. This did sovere the King, that hee sought to take it in any way either by policie or strength: To this intent he made Proclamation, that whosoever could deliver this Towne into his hand, hee should have for his paines ten thousand Crownes truely payd. This was proclaimed, but there was none found that would undertake it; At length the newes did come into England of this great reward that was promised. Frier Bacon hearing of it, went into France, and being admitted to the Kings presence, hee thus spake unto him: your Maiesty I am sure hath not quite forgot your poore subiect Bacon, the love that you shewed to mee being last in your presence, hath drawne me for to leave my Countrey and my Studies, to doe your Maiestie service: I beseech your Grace, to command mee so farre as my poore Art or life may doe you pleasure: The King thanked him for his love, but told him, that

hee

he had now more néede of Armes than Art, and wanted brave Soldiers more than learned Schollers. Fryer Bacon answered, Your Grace saith well: But let mée (under correction) tell you, that Art oftentimes doth those things that are impossible to Armes, which I will make good in some few examples. I will speake onely of things performed by Art and Nature, wherein shall be nothing Magicall: and first by the figuration of Art, there may be made instruments of Navigation without men to row in them, as great shippes to brooke the Sea, onely with one Man to stéere them, and they shall Sayle farre more swiftly than if they were full of men: also Chariots that shall move with an unspeakeable force, without any living creature to stirre them. Likewise an Instrument may be made to flye withall, if one sit in the midst of the Instrument and doe turne an Engine, by which the wings being Artificially composed, may beate ayre after the manner of a flying Bird. By an Instrument of thrée fingers high, and thrée fingers broad, a man may rid himselfe and others from all Imprisonment: Yea, such an Instrument may easily bée made, whereby a man may violently draw unto him a thousand men, will they, nill they, or any other thing. By Art also an Instrument may bée made, whereby men may walke in the bottome of the Sea or Rivers without bodily danger: this Alexander the Great used (as the Ethnick Philosopher reporteth) to the end he might behold the secret of the Seas. But Physicall figurations are farre more strange: for by that may be framed Perspects and Loking-glasses, that one thing shall appeare to be many, as one Man shall appeare to be a whole Armie, and one Sunne or Moone shall séeme divers. Also perspects may be so framed that things a farre off shall séeme most nigh unto us: With one of these did Iulius Cæsar from the Sea coasts in France marke and observe the situation of the Castles in England. Bodies may also be so framed that the greatest things shall appeare to be the least, the

highest

highest lowest, the most secret to be the most manifest, and in such like sort the contrary. Thus did Socrates perceive, that the Dragon which did destroy the City and Countrey adioyning with his noysome breath, and contagious influence, did lurke in the dennes between the Mountaines: and thus may all things that are done in Cities or Armies be discovered by the enemies.

Againe, in such wise may bodies be framed, that venemous and infectious influence may be brought whither a man will: In this did Aristotle instruct Alexander; through which instruction the poyson of a Basiliske, being lift up upon the wall of a City, the poyson was conveyed into the City, to the destruction thereof. Also perspects may bee made to deceive the sight, as to make a man beleeve that hee seeth great store of riches, when that there is not any. But it appertaines to a higher power of Figuration, that beames should bee brought and assembled by divers flexions and reflexions in any distance that we will, to burne any thing that is opposite unto it, as it is witnessed by those Perspects or Glasses that burne before and behinde: But the greatest and chiefest of all Figurations and things figured, is to describe the Heavenly bodies, according to their length and breadth in a corporall Figure, wherein they may corporally move with a daily motion. These things are worth a kingdome to a wise man, These may suffice, my Royall Lords, to shew what Art can doe: and these, with many things more as strange, I am able by Art to performe. Then take no thought for winning this Towne, for by my Art you shall (ere many dates be past) have your desire.

The King all this while heard him with admiration; but hearing him now, that hee would undertake to winne the Towne, hee burst out in these speeches: Most learned Bacon, doe but what thou hast said, and I will give thee what thou most desirest, either wealth or honour, choose which thou wilt, and I will be as ready to

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perforne, as I have béene to promise.

Your Maiesties love is all that I séeke (said the Fryer) let me have that, and I have honour enough; for wealth, I have content, the wise should séeke no more: But to the purpose. Let your Pyoners raise up a Mount so high (or rather higher) than the wall, and then shall you see some probabilitie of that which I have promised.

This Mount in two dayes was raised: then Fryer Bacon went with the King to the top of it, and did with a perspect shew to him the Towne, as plainely as if hée had béene in it: At this the King did wonder, but Fryer Bacon told him, that he should wonder more, ere next day noone: against which time, he desired him to have his whole Army in readinesse, for to scale the wall upon a signall given by him from the Mount. This the King promised to doe, and so returned to his Tent full of ioy, that he should gaine this strong Towne. In the morning Fryer Bacon went up to the Mount and set his Glasses, and other Instruments up: in the meane time the King ordered his Army, and stood in a readinesse for to give the assault: When the signall was given, which was the waving of a Flagge, ere nine of the clocke Fryer Bacon had burnt the State-house of the town, with other houses, onely by his Mathematicall Glasses, which made the whole Towne in an uprore, for none did know how it came: whilst that they were quenching the same, Fryer Bacon did wave his Flagge: upon which signall given, the King set upon the Towne, and tooke it with little or no resistance. Thus through the art of this learned man the King got this strong towne, which hee could not doe with all his men without Fryer Bacons helpe.

How Fryer *Bacon* over-came the German Conjurer *Vandermaſt*, and made a Spirit of his owne carry him into Germany.

THE King of England after hée had taken in the Towne, ſhewed great mercy to the Inhabitants, giving ſome of them their lives freely, and others hée ſet at liberty for their Gold: the Towne hée kept as his owne, and ſwore the chiefe Citizens to be his true Subjects. Preſently after, the King of France ſent an Ambaſſadour to the King of England, for to intreat a peace betweene them. This Ambaſſadour being come to the King, hée feaſted him (as it is the manner of Princes to doe) and with the beſt ſports as he had then, welcomed him. The Ambaſſadour ſeeing the King of England ſo free in his love, deſired likewiſe to give him ſome taſte of his good liking, and to that intent ſent for one of his fellowes (being a German, and named Vandermaſt) a famous Conjurer, who being come hée told the King that ſince his Grace had béene ſo bountifull in his love to him, he would ſhew him (by a ſervant of his) ſuch wonderfull things as his Grace had never ſéene the like before. The King demanded of him, of what nature thoſe things were that hee would doe? The Ambaſſadour anſwered that they were things done by the Art of Magicke, The King hearing of this, ſent ſtraight for Fryer Bacon, who preſently came, and brought Fryer Bungey with him.

When the Banquet was done, Vandermaſt did aske the King, if he deſired to ſée the any Spirit of any man deceaſed: and if that hee did, hée would raiſe him in ſuch manner and faſhion as hee was in when that hee lived. The King told him, that above all men he deſired to ſée Pompey the Great, who would abide no equall. Vandermaſt by his Art rayſed him, armed in ſuch manner as hee

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was when he was slaine at the battle of Pharsalia; At this they were all highly contented. Fryer Bacon presently raised the ghost of Iulius Cæsar, who would abide no Superiour, and had slaine this Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia: At the sight of him they were all amazed, but the King, who sent for Bacon; And Vandermast said that there was some man of Art in that presence, whom hee desired to see. Fryer Bacon then shewed himselfe, saying; It was I Vandermast, that raised Cæsar, partly to give content to the Royall presence, but chiefely for to conquer thy Pompey, as hee did once before, at that great Battle of Pharsalia, which hee now againe shall doe. Then presently began a fight betweene Cæsar, and Pompey, which continued a good space, to the content of all, except Vandermast. At last Pompey was overcome and slaine by Cæsar: Then vanished they both away.

My Lord Ambassadour (said the King) me thinkes that my Englishman hath put downe your Germaine: hath he no better cunning than this? Yes, answered Vandermast, Your Grace shall see me put downe your Englishman, ere that you goe from hence: and therefore Fryer prepare thy selfe with thy best of Art to withstand mee. Alas, said Fryer Bacon, it is a little thing will serve to resist thee in this kinde. I have here one that is my inferiour (shewing him Fryer Bungey) try thy Art with him: and if thou doe put him to the worst then will I deale with thee, and not till then.

Fryer Bungey then began to shew his Art: and after some turning and looking in his booke, hee brought up among them the Hesperian Tree, which did beare golden Apples: These Apples were kept by a waking Dragon, that lay under the Tree: Hee having done this, bid Vandermast finde one that durst gather the fruite. Then Vandermast did raise the ghost of Hercules in his habit that hee wore when that hee was living, and with his Club on his shoulder: Here is one, said Vandermast, that

shall gather fruit from this Tree: this is Hercules, that in his life time gathered of this fruit and made the Dragon couch: and now againe shall hee gather, in spight of all opposition. As Hercules was going to plucke the fruit, Fryer Bacon held up his wand, at which Hercules stayed and seemed fearefull. Vandermast bid him for to gather of the fruit, or else he would torment him. Hercules was more fearefull, and said, I cannot nor dare not: for great Bacon stands, whose charmes are far more powerfull than thine, I must obey him, Vandermast. Hereat Vandermast curst Hercules, and threatned him: But Fryer Bacon laughed, and bid him not to chafe himselfe ere that his iourney was ended: for seeing (said he) that Hercules will doe nothing at your command, I will have him to doe you some service at mine, with that he bid Hercules carrie him home into Germany. The Devill obeyed him and toke Vandermast on his backe, and went away with him in all their sights. Hold Fryer, cried the Ambassadour, I will not lose Vandermast for halfe my land. Content your selfe my Lord, answered Fryer Bacon, I have but sent him home to see his wife, and ere long hee may returne. The King of England thanked Fryer Bacon, and forced some gifts on him for his service that hee had done for him: For Fryer Bacon did so little respect money, that he never would take any of the King.

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How Fryer *Bacon* through his wisedome saved the endangered lives of three brethren.

The Peace being concluded betweene the King of England and the King of France: the King of England came againe into his Countrey of England, where he was received very ioyfully of all his subjects: But in his absence had happened a discord betweene three Brethren, the like hath not beene often heard. Thus it was:

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A rich Gentleman of England dyed, and left behinde him three Sonnes. Now for some reason (which was best knowne to himselfe) he appointed none of them by name to be his heyre, but spake to them all after this manner: You are all my sonnes, and I love you all as a Father should doe, all alike, not one better than the other: and because I would alwayes doe rightly so nere as I can, I leave all my Lands and goods to him that loves me best: These were the last words that he spake, concerning any worldly affaires.

After he was dead and buried, there arose a great controversie betwixt them who should inherit their Fathers goods and Lands, every one pleading for himselfe, how that hée loved his Father best. All the cunning Lawyers of the Kingdome could say nothing to the purpose, concerning this case, so that they were inforced to begge of the King a grant for a combate, for they would not share the Lands and goods amongst them, but every one desired all or else nothing. The King séeing no other way to end this controversie, granted a combate, the two elder being to fight first, and the Conquerour to fight with the youngest, and the surviver of them was to have the Land.

The day being come that was set for those Combatants, they all came in Armed for the fight. Fryer Bacon being there present, and séeing such three lustie young men like to perish, and that by their owne flesh and bloud, grieved very much, and went to the King, desiring his Maiestie that he would stay the fight, and he would finde a meanes without any bloudshed to end the matter: the King was very glad hereof, and caused the Combatants to be brought before him, to whom he said: Gentlemen, to save the bloud of you all, I have found away, and yet the controversie shall be ended that is now amongst you. Are you contented to stand to his Judgement that I shall appoint? They all answered,

that they were. Then they were bid to returne three dayes after. In that time Fryer Bacon had caused the body of their deceased Father to be taken out of the ground, and brought to the Court: the body he did cause to be bound to a Stake, naked from the middle upwards, and likewise prepared three Bowes and Shafts for the three brethren: all these kept he secretly.

The third day being come, came these three brethren, to whom Fryer Bacon in the presence of the King, gave the three Bowes and Shafts, saying, Be not offended at what I have done, there is no other way but this to iudge your cause. See here is the body of your dead Father, shoot at him, for he that commeth neerest to his heart, shall have all the Lands and goods.

The two elder prepared themselves, & shot at him, and stucke their Arrowes in his brest. Then bid they the youngest to shoot: but he refused it, saying, I will rather lose all, than wound that body that I so loved living: Had you ever had but halfe that love (in you) to him that I have, you would rather have had your owne bodies mangled, than to suffer his liveleſſe corpes thus to be used: nay, you doe not onely suffer it, but you are the Actors of this act of shame: and speaking this, he wept.

Fryer Bacon seeing this, did give the Judgement on his side, for he loved his Father best, and therefore had all his Lands and goods: The other two Brothers went away with shame for what they had done, This deede of Fryer Bacon was highly commended of all men: for he did not onely give true Judgement, but also saved much blood that would have beene shed, had they beene suffered to have fought.

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How Fryer *Bacon* ſerved the Theeves that robbed him, and of the ſport that his man *Miles* had with them.

IT was repoꝛted about the Countrey, how that the King had given Fryer Bacon great ſtoꝛe of Treaſure. The repoꝛt of this wealth made three Théeves plot to rob Fryer Bacons houſe, which they put in pꝛactice one Evening in this faſhion. They knockt at the doꝛe, and were let in by Miles: No ſooner were they in, but they tooke hold of him, and led him into the houſe, and finding Fryer Bacon there, they told him that they came foꝛ ſome money, which they muſt and would have ere they departed from thence. He told them, that he was but ill ſtoꝛed with money at that time, and theꝛefoꝛe deſired them to foꝛbeare him till ſome other time; they anſwered him againe, that they knew that he had enough, and theꝛefoꝛe it was but folly to delay them, but ſtraight let them have it by faire meanes, oꝛ elſe they would uſe that extreamitie to him that he would be loth to ſuffer. He ſeeing them ſo reſolute, told them that hee ſhould have all that he had, and gave to them one hundꝛed pounds a man. Herewith they ſéemed content, and would have gone their wayes. Nay, ſaid Fryer Bacon, I pꝛay Gentlemen at my requeſt tarry a little, and heare ſome of my mans Muſicke: you are hyꝛed reaſonable well already, I hope in courteſie you will not deny me ſo ſmall a requeſt: that will we not (ſaid they all.)

Miles thought now to have ſome ſpoꝛt with them, which he had, and theꝛefoꝛe played luſtily upon his Taber and Pipe; ſo ſoone as they heard him play (againſt their wils) they fell a dauncing, and that after ſuch a laboꝛious manner, that they quickly wearied themſelves (foꝛ they had all that while the bagges of money in their hand.) Yet had

had Fryer Bacon not revenge enough of them, but bid his man Miles leave them some larger measure as hée thought fitting, which Miles did. Miles straight led them out of the house into the fields, they followed him daun-cing after a wilde Anticke manner: Then he led them over a broad Dike full of water, and they followed him still, but not so good a way as he went (for he went over the Bridge, but they by reason of their dauncing, could not kéepe the Brig, but fell off, and dauncing through the Water:) then led hée them through a way where a Horse might verie well have béene up to the belly: they followed him, and were so durtie, as though they had wallowed in the myre like Swine: Sometime gave hée them rest onely to laugh at them: Then were they so sleepie, when hée did not play, that they fell to the ground. Then on the sudden would he play againe, and make them start up and follow him. Thus he kept them the better part of the night. At last he in pitty left playing, and let them rest. They being asléepe on the bare ground he tooke their money from them, and gave them this song for a farewell; To the tune of, Oh doe me no harme good man.

You roaring Boyēs, and sturdy Thēeves,
your Pimpes, and Apple-squires:
Lament the case of these poore knaves:
and warme them by your fires.

They snorting lie like Hogs in stie,
but hardly are so warme:
If all that cheat, such hap should mēete,
to true men 'twere no harme.

They money had, which made them glad,
their joy did not indure:
Were all Theeves serv'd as these have beene,
I thinke there would be fewer.

When

When that they awake, their hearts will ake,
to thinke upon their losse;
And though the Gallowes they escape,
they goe by weeping crosse.

Your Truls expect you comming home
with full and heavie purse,
When that they see'tis nothing so,
oh how they'l rayle and curse.

For he that loves to keepe a whore,
must have a giving hand,
Which makes a many knaves be choakt,
for bidding true men stand.

They were scarce any thing the better for this Song, for they slept all the while. So Miles left them at their rest: but they had small cause to sleepe so soundly as they did, for they were more wette then ere were Scold with ducking. Miles gave his Master his mony againe, and told the story of their merry pilgrimage: he laughed at it, & wisht all men had the like power to serve all such knaves in the like kind. The thæves waking in the morning and missing their money, and seeing themselves in that plight, thought that they had beene served so by some Divine power, for robbing a Church-man, and therefore they swore one to the other, never to meddle with any Church-man againe.

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How *Vandermast*, for the disgrace that hee had received by Fryer *Bacon* sent a Souldie to kill him; and how Fryer *Bacon* escaped killing and turned the Souldier from an Atheist to be a good Christian,

FRyer Bacon sitting one day in his Study, looked over all the dangers that were to happen to him that

Moneth, there found hée, that in the second wéeke of the moneth betwéene Sunne rising and setting, there was a great danger to fall on him, which would without great care of prevention, take away his life. This danger which he did so fore-sée, was caused by the Germaine Coniurer Vandermast, for he vowed a revenge for the disgrace that hée had received. To execute the same, hée hyred a Walloone Souldier, and gave him an hundred crownes to doe the same, fifty beforehand, and fifty when he had killed him.

Fryer Bacon to save himselfe from this danger that was like to happen to him, would allwayes when that hée read, hold a ball of Brasse in his hand, and under that ball would he set a Bason of Brasse, that if hée did chance to slépe in his reading, the fall of the Ball out of his hand into the Bason, might wake him. Being one day in his study in this manner, and aslépe, the Walloon Souldier was got in to him, and had drawne his sword to kill him: but as he was ready for to strike downe fell the Ball out of Fryer Bacons hand, and waked him.

He séeing the souldier stand there with a sword drawne, asked him what he was? and wherefore he came there in that manner? The Souldier boldly answered him thus, I am a Walloon, and a souldier, and more then this, a villaine: I am come hither because I was sent, I was sent, because I was hyred, I was hyred because I durst doe it; the thing I should do, is not done, the thing to be done, is to kill thée: thus have you heard what I am, and why I came.

Fryer Bacon wondred at this mans resolution; then asked hée of him who set him on worke to be a Murderer? He boldly told him Vandermast the Germaine Coniurer. Fryer Bacon then asked him, what Religion hée was of? He answered, Of that which many doe professe, the chiefe principles of which were these: To goe to an Ale-house: and to a Church with one devotion; To abstains from evill for want of Action, and to doe good

against

againſt their wils. It is a good profeſſion for a Devill (ſayd Fryer Bacon.) Doeſt thou beleeve Hell? I beleeve no ſuch thing, anſwered the Souldier. Then will I ſhew thee the contrary, ſayd the Fryer: and preſently rayſed the Ghoſt of Iulian the Apoſtata who came by with his body burning, and ſo full of wounds, that it almoſt did affright the Souldier out of his wits. Then Bacon did command this Spirit to ſpeak, and to ſhew what he was, and wherefore he was thus tormented? Then ſpake hee to them in this manner: I ſometimes was a Romane Emperour: Some count greatneſſe an happineſſe: I had an happineſſe beyond my Empire, had I kept that, I had beene an happie man: would I had loſt my Empire when I loſt that. I was a Chriſtian, that was my happineſſe, but my ſelfe-love and pride, made me to fall from it: for which I now am puniſhed with never ceaſing torments, which I muſt ſtill endure; the like which I enioy is now prepared for unbeleeving wretches like my ſelfe; ſo vaniſhed he away.

All this while the Souldier ſtood quaking, and ſweat as he had felt the torments himſelfe: and falling downe on his knees deſired Fryer Bacon to inſtruct him in a better courſe of life, than he had yet gone in. Fryer Bacon told him that he ſhould not want his helpe in any thing, which he performed, inſtructing him better: Then gave he him money, and ſent him to the wars of the holy land, where he was ſlaine.

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## How Fryer *Bacon* deceived an old Vſurer.

NOt farre from Fryer Bacon, dwelt an old Man that had great ſtore of Money which he let out to Uſe, and would never doe any good with it to the poore, though Fryer Bacon had often put him in minde of it, and wiſhed him to doe ſome good whileſt he lived. Fryer Bacon ſeeing this, by his Art made an Iron pot, which ſeemed full of gold, this being done, he went to this rich

Uſurer and told him that he had ſome gold which he had gathered in his time that he had lived, but it being much in quantity, he feared that if it were knowne, it would be taken from him becauſe it was unfitting a man of his Coat ſhould have ſo much: Now he deſired him that he would let him have ſome hundred pounds, which was not the fire part of his gold, and he ſhould keepe it for him. The Uſurer was glad to heare of this, and told him that hee ſhould have it, and that he would keepe his gold as ſafe as he himſelfe would: Fryer Bacon was glad to heare of this, and preſently fetcht the pot: at the ſight of which the Uſurer laughed, and thought to himſelf, how all that gold was his owne, for he had a determination to gull the Fryer, but he gulled himſelfe. See here is the gold (ſaid Fryer Bacon) now let me have of you one hundred pounds, and keepe you this gold till I pay it backe againe. Very willingly (ſaid the Uſurer) and told him one hundred pounds out, which Fryer Bacon tooke, and delivered him the pot, and ſo went his way. This money did Fryer Bacon give to divers poore ſcholliers, and other people, and bid them pray for old Good-getherers ſoules health (ſo was the Uſurer called) which theſe poore people did, and would give him thankes and prayers when they met him, which he did wonder at; for he never deſerved the prayers of any man. At laſt this old Good-gatherer went to looke on this pot of gold, but in ſtead of gold he found nothing but earth, at which ſight he would have died, had not his other gold hindred him, which he was to leave behinde him: ſo gathering up his ſpirits, he went to Fryer Bacon, and told him he was abuſed and cheated, for which he would have the law of him, unleſſe he made him reſtitution. Fryer Bacon told him that he had not cheated him, but bin his faithfull ſteward to the poore, which he could not chuſe but know, either by their prayers or their thanks; and as for the law he feared it not, but bid him doe his worſt. The old man ſeeing Fryer Bacons reſolution went his way, and ſaid, that hereafter he would be his owne ſteward.

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How *Miles* Fryer *Bacons* man, did Conjure for meate, and got meate for himselfe and his Host.

MIles chanced one day upon some businesse, to go some sixe miles from home, and being loth to part with some company that he had, he was belated and could get but halfe way home that night: to save his purse he went to ones house that was his Masters acquaintance; but when he came, the good-man of the house was not at home & the woman would not let him have lodging. Miles seeing such cold entertainment, wished that he had not troubled her, but being now there, he was loth to goe any further, and therefore with words he perswaded her for to give him lodging that night. She told him that she would willingly doe it, if her husband were at home, but he being now out of Towne, it would be to her discredit to lodge any man. You neede not mistrust me (said Miles) for I have no thought to attempt your chastity: locke me in any place where there is a bed, and I will not trouble you till to morrow that I rise. She thinking her husband would be angry if shee should deny any of his friends so small a request, consented that he should lie there, if that he would be locked up: Miles was contented, and presently went to bed, and shee locked him into the Chamber where he lay.

Long had not hee béene abed, but hee heard the doore open, with that he rose, and péeped through a chinke of the partition, and saw an old man come in: This man set downe his Basket that he had on his arme, and gave the Woman of the house three or foure sweete kisses, which made Miles his mouth runne with water to see it: Then did he undoe his Basket, and pulled out of it a fat Capon ready rosted, and bread, with a Bottle of good old Sacke; this gave hee unto her, saying: Sweet-heart, hearing thy Husband was out of Towne, I thought good to visite thée, I am not come empty handed, but have brought

some thing to be merry withall: lay the cloath sweete Honey, and let us first to Banquet, and then to bed. She kindly thanked him, and presently did as he bade her: they were not scarce set at the Table, but her husband returning backe knockt at the doore. The woman hearing this was amazed, and knew not what to doe with her old Lover: but loking on her apron-strings, she straight found (as women use to doe) a tricke to put her selfe free from this feare; for she put her Lover under the bed, the Capon and Bread she put under a Tub, the Bottle of Wine she put behinde the Chest, and then she did open the doore, and with a dissembling kisse welcomed her husband home, asking him the reason why that he returned so quickly. He told her, that he had forgot the money that he should have carryed with him, but on the morrow betimes he would be gone. Miles saw and heard all this, and having a desire to tast of the Capon and the Wine, called to the good man. He asked his wife who that was? She told him, an acquaintance of his, that intreated lodging there that night. He bid her open the doore, which she did, and let Miles out. He seeing Miles there, bid him welcome, and bade his wife set them some meate on the Table: shee told him that there was not any ready, but prayed him to keepe his stomacke 'till to morrow, and then shee would provide them a good breakefast. Since it is so Miles (sayd the good man) we must rest content, and keepe out our hunger. Nay stay, sayd Miles, if that you can eate, I can finde you good meates: I am a Scholler and have some Art. I would faine see it (sayd the good man.) You shall, quoth Miles, and that presently: With that Miles pulled forth a Booke out of his bosome, and began his Conjuration in this fashion:

From the fearefull Lake below,
From whence Spirits come and goe,
Straightway come one and attend
Fryer *Bacons* man and friend.

Comes

Comes there none yet, quoth Miles? Then I muſt uſe ſome other Charme.

Now the Owle is flownē abroad,
For I heare the croaking Toade,
And the Bat that ſhuns the day,
Through the darke doth make her way,
Now the ghoſts of men doe riſe,
And with fearefull hideous cryes,
Seekes revengement (from the good)
On their heads that ſpilt their blood,
Come ſome Spirit, quicke I ſay,
Night's the Devils Holy-day:
Where ere you be in dennes, or lake,
In the Ivy, Ewe, or Brake:
Quickely come and me attend,
That am *Bacons* man and friend,
But I will have you take no ſhape
Of a Beare, a Horſe, or Ape:
Nor will I have you terrible,
And threfore come inviſible.

Now he is come, (quoth Miles) and therefore tell mee what meat you will have mine Hoaſt? Any thing Miles, (ſayd the Good-man) what thou will. Why then (ſayd Miles) What ſay you to a Capon? I love it above all meate (ſayd the Goodman.) Why then a Capon you ſhall have, and that a good one too. Bemo my Spirit that I have raiſed to doe me ſervice, I charge thee, ſeeke and ſearch about the earth, and bring me hither ſtraight the beſt of Capons ready roaſted. Then ſtood he ſtill a little, as though he had attended the comming of his Spirit, and on the ſuddaine ſayd: It is well done my Bemo, he hath brought me (mine Hoaſt) a fat Capon from the King of Tripolis owne Table, and Bread with it. I but where is it, Miles (ſayd the Hoaſt) I ſee neither Spirit nor Capon. Looke under the Tub (quoth Miles) and

there

there you shall finde it. He presently did, and brought (to his wives griefe) the Capon and Bread out. Stay (quoth Miles) we doe yet want some drinke that is comfortable and good: I thinke (mine Hoast) a Bottle of Malligo Sacke were not amisse. I will have it; Bemo, haste thée to Malligo, and fetch me from the Governor, a Bottle of his best Sacke.

The poore woman thought that he would have betrayed her and her lover, and therefore wished that hee had béene hanged, when that he came first into her house. He having stood a little while, as before, said: well done Bemo, looke behinde the great Chest (mine Hoast) He did so, & brought out the Bottle of Sacke. Now (quoth he) Miles sit downe and welcome, to thine owne cheare: You may sée Wife (quoth he) what a man of Art can doe, get a fat Capon and a Bottle of good Wine in a quarter of an houre and for nothing which is best of all: Come (good wife) sit downe and be merry: for all this is payd for, I thanke Miles.

Shée sate, and could not eate a bit for anger, but wished that every bit they did eate might choake them: Her old Lover too that lay under the Bed all this while, was ready to bepisse himselfe for feare, for he still lookes when that Miles would discover him.

When they had eate and drunke well, the good man desired Miles that he would let him sée the Spirit that fetched them this good cheare: Miles séemed unwilling, telling him that it was against the Lawes of Art, to let an illiterate Man sée a Spirit, but yet for once he would let him sée it: And told him withall, he must open the Doore, and soundly beate the Spirit, or else he should be troubled hereafter with it. And because hee should not feare it, hee would put it into the shape of some one of his neighbours.

The Good-man told him, that hee néede not to doubt his valour, hée would beate him soundly, and to that purpose hée tooke a good Cudgell in his hand, and did

stand

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ſtand ready for him. Miles then went to the bed ſide, under which the old man lay, and began to Coniure him with theſe words,

Bemo quickly come, appeare,
Like an old man that dwels neere;
Quickly riſe, and in his ſhape,
From this houſe make thy eſcape;
Quickly riſe, or elſe I ſweare,
Ile put thee in a worſer feare.

The old man ſeeing no remedy, but that hee muſt needes come forth, put a good face on it, and roſe from under the Bed: Behold my Spirit (quoth Miles) that brought mee all that you have had; Now be as good as your word, and ſwaddle him ſoundly. I proteſt (ſaid the Goodman) your Diuell is as like Goodman Stumpe the Tooth-drawer, as a Pomewater is like an Apple. Is it poſſible that your Spirits can take other mens ſhapes? Ile teach this to keepe his owne ſhape; With that; hee did beate the old man ſoundly, ſo that Miles was faine to take him off, and put the old man out of Doore; ſo after ſome laughing, to bed they all went: but the woman could not ſleepe for grieſe, that her old Lover had had ſuch a hard uſage for her ſake.

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How Fryer *Bacon* did helpe a young man to his Sweetheart, which Fryer *Bungey* would have marryed to another; and of the mirth that was at the wedding.

AN Oxfordſhire Gentleman had long time loued a faire Maide, called Milliſant; this loue of his was as kindely receiued of her, as it was freely giuen of

 him,

him, so that there wanted nothing to the finishing of their loves, but the consent of her father, who would not grant that she should be his wife (though formerly he had bene a meanes to further the match) by reason there was a Knight that was a suter to her, and did desire that he might have her to his wife: But this Knight could never get from her the least token of good will: So surely was her love fixed upon the Gentleman.

This Knight seeing himselfe thus despised, went to Fryer Bungey, and told him his minde, and did promise him a good piece of Money, if he could get her for him, either by his Art or Counsell.

Bungey being covetous) told him, that there was no better way in his minde, than to get her with her Father to goe take the ayre in a coach; and if he could doe so, he would by his Art so direct the Horses, that they should come to an old Chappell, where he would attend, and there they might secretly be married.

The Knight rewarded him for his Counsell, and told him, that if it tooke effect, hee would be more bountifull unto him: And presently went to her Father, and told him of this. Hee liked well of it, and forced the poore Maide to ride with them. So soone as they were in the Coach, the Horses runne presently to the Chappell, where they found Fryer Bungey attending for them: At the sight of the Church and the Priest, the poore Maide knew that she was betraied, so that for griefe shee fell in a swound, to see, which her Father and the Knight were very much grieved, and used their best skill for her recovery.

In this time, her best beloved the Gentleman, did come to her Fathers to visite her, but finding her not there, and hearing that she was gone with her Father and the Knight, hee mistrusted some fouls play, and in all hast went to Fryer Bacon, and desired of him some helpe to recover his Love againe, whom he feared was utterly lost.

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Fryer Bacon (knowing him for a vertuous Gentleman) pitied him: and to give his griefes some release, shewed him a Glasse, wherein any one might see any thing done (within fiftie miles space) that they desired: So soone as he loked in the Glasse, he saw his Love Millisant with her Father, and the Knight, ready to bee marryed by Fryer Bungey: At the sight of this hee cryed out that hee was undone, for now should hee lose his life in losing of his Love. Fryer Bacon bids him take comfort, for hee would prevent the Marriage: So taking this Gentleman in his Armes, hee set himselfe downe in an inchanted Chaire, and suddenly they were carried through the ayre to the Chappell, Iust as they came in, Fryer Bungey was ioyning their hands to marry them: But Fryer Bacon spoyled his speech, for hee strucke him dumbe, so that hee could not speake a word.

Then raysed hee such a great Myst in the Chappell, so that neither the Father could see his Daughter, nor the Daughter her Father, nor the Knight either of them. Then tooke he Millisant by the hand, and led her to the man she most desired: They both wept for ioy, that they so happily once more had met, and kindly thanked Fryer Bacon.

It greatly pleased Fryer Bacon to see the passion of these two lovers, and seeing them both contented he married them at the Chappell doore, whilest her Father, the Knight, and Fryer Bungey went groping within and could not finde the way out. Now when he had married them, he bid them get lodging at the next Village, and he would send his man with money: (for the Gentleman was not stored, and he had a great way to his house) they did as he bade them.

That night he sent his man Miles with money to them; but hee kept her Father, the Knight, and Fryer Bungey till the next day at noone in the Chappell, ere he released them.

The Gentleman and his new married wife made that night a great Supper for ioy of their Marriage, and bid to it most of the Village: They wanted nothing but Musicke, for which they made great moane. This want Fryer Bacon (though hee was absent) supplied: for after Supper there came such a Maske, that the like was never seene in that Village: For first, there was heard most sweete still Musicke, then winde Musicke: Then came three Apes, and three Munkeyes, each of them carrying a Torch: After them followed fiue Apes and Munkeyes more, all dressed in Anticke Coats: the last fiue fell a dancing in such an odde manner, that they moved all the beholders to much laughter: so after divers Anticke changes, they did reverence to the Bridegroome and Bride, and so departed in order as they came in.

They all did marvell from whence these should come: But the Bridegroome knew that it was Fryer Bacons Art that gave them this grace to their Wedding.

When all this was done; to Bed they went, and enioyed their wishes. The next day hee went home to his owne house with his Bride: and for the cost he had bestowed on them, most part of the Towne-folke brought them on their way.

Miles made one amongst them too; hee for his Maisters sake was so plied with Cups, that he in three dayes was scarce sober: For his welcome, at his departure he gave them this Song: To the tune of,

I have beene a Fidler, &c.

'And did not you heare of a mirth that befell,
the morrow after a Wedding day,
At carrying a Bride at home to dwell,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

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The Quintin was ſet, and the Garlands were made,
'tis pitty old cuſtomes ſhould ever decay:
And woe be to him that was horſt on a Iade,
for he carried no credit away, away.

We met a Conſort of Fiddle-dedees.
we ſet them a cock-horſe, and made them to play,
The winning of Bullen, and Vpſy-frees,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

There was ne're a Lad in all the Pariſh,
that would goe to the Plow that day:
But on his Fore-horſe his Wench he carries,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

The Butler was quicke, and the Ale he did tap,
the Maydens did make the Chamber full gay:
The Serving-men gave me a Fudling Cap,
and I did carry it away, away.

The Smith of the Towne his Liquor ſo tooke,
that he was perſwaded the ground look'd blue,
And I dare boldly ſweare on a Booke,
ſuch Smithes as he there are but a few.

A Poſſet was made, and the women did ſip,
and ſimpering ſaid they could eate no more:
Full many a Maid was laid on the lip,
Ile ſay no more, but ſo give ore.

They kindly thanked Miles for his Song, and ſo ſent him home with a Fore at his Taple. His Maſter asked him, where hee had bene ſo long? Hee told him, at the Wedding. I know it (ſaid Fryer Bacon) that thou haſt bene there, and I know alſo (thou beaſt) that thou haſt bene every day drunke. That is the woꝛſt that

you can say by me, Master, for still poore men must be drunke, if that they take a Cup more than ordinary, but it is not so with the rich. Why, how is it with the rich then? I will tell you (said Miles) in few words.

Lawyers they are sicke,
And Fryers are ill at ease,
And poore men they are drunke,
And all of one disease.

Well Sirrah (said Fryer Bacon) let mee not heare that you are infected any more with this disease, lest I give you sowre Sawce to your sweete meate. Thus did Fryer Bacon helpe these poore Lovers, who in short time gote the love of the old man, and lived in great joy: Fryer Bungey his tongue was againe let loose, and all were friends.

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How *Vandermast* and Fryer *Bungey* met, and how they strived who should excell one another in their Conjurations, and of their deaths.

VAndermast thinking that Fryer Bacon had beene dead, came into England, and in Kent met with Fryer Bungey; hee owing him no good will for Fryer Bacons sake, tooke his horse out of the Stable, and in stead of it left a Spirit like unto it. Fryer Bungey in the Morning rose, and mounting this Spirit (which hee thought had beene his Horse) rode on his iourney: But he riding thorow a water, was left in the middest of it by this Spirit, and being thus wet, hee returned to his Inne.

At the Inne-Doore Vandermast met him, and asked

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ked him, if that were swimming time of the yeare: Bungey told him, If that he had bene so well horsed as he was, when Fryer Bacon sent him into Germany, hee might have escaped that washing. At this Vandermast bit his lippe, and said no more, but went in. Bungey thought that he would be even with him, which was in this manner. Vandermast loved a Wench well, which was in the house, and sought many times to winne her with gold, love, or promises. Bungey knowing this, did shape a Spirit like this Wench, which he sent to Vandermast.

Vandermast appointed the Spirit (thinking it had bene the Wench) to come to his Chamber that night, and was very joyfull that hee should enjoy her now at the last: But his joy turned into sorrow, and his wanton hopes into a bads night lodging: For Fryer Bungey had by his Art spread such a Sheete on his bed, that no sooner was he laid with the Spirit on it, but was carryed through the ayre, and let fall into a deepe Pond. where Vandermast had bene drowned, if hee had not had the Art of swimming: Hee got quickely out of the Pond, and shaked himselfe like a rough Water-Spaniell: But being out, hee was as much vexed as before, for he could not tell the way home, but was glad to keepe himselfe in heate with walking.

Next day he comming to his Inne, Fryer Bungey asked him how he did like his Wench? He said, So well, that hee wished him such another. Bungey told him, that his Order did forbid him the use of any; and therefore he might keepe them for his friends; Thus did they continually vexe each other, both in words and ill actions. Vandermast desiring to doe Fryer Bungey a wischiefe, did challenge him the field (not to fight at Sword and Dagger, single Rapier, or case of Ponyards, but at worser weapons farre, it was at that Diabolicall Art of Magicke) there to shew which of them was most cun-

ning

ning or had most power over the Devill: Bungey accepted of his challenge, and both provided themselves of things belonging to the Art, and to the field they went.

There they both spreed their Circles some hundred foote from one another: and after some other Ceremonies did Vandermast begin: Hée by his Charmes did rayse up a fiery Dragon, which did runne about Fryer Bungeys Circle, and did scorch him with his heate, so that he was almost ready to melt. Fryer Bungey tormented Vandermast, in another Element: For he raysed up the Sea-monster that Perseus killed when hée did redéeme the faire Andromida. This Sea-monster did run about Vandermast, and such flouds of water hée did send out of his wide mouth, that Vandermast was almost drowned. Then did Fryer Bungey rayse a Spirit up like Saint George, who fought with the Dragon, and killed it: Vandermast (following his example) raysed up Perseus, who fought also with the Sea-monster, and killed it: So were they both released from their danger.

They being not contented with this triall of their skill, went further with their Conjurations and raised up two Spirits, each of them one. Bungey charged his Spirit for to assist him with his greatest power hée had, that by it hée might be able to overcome Vandermast. The Devill told him he would, if that he from his left arme would give him but thrée drops of bloud: But if that he did deny him that, then should Vandermast have power over him to doe what he would: the like told Vandermasts Devill to him: To this demand of the Spirits, they both agréed, thinking for to overcome each other; but the Devill overthrew them both.

They having given the Devill this bloud, as is before spoken of, they both fell againe to their Conjurations: first, Bungey did raise Achilles with is Greekes, who marched about Vandermast, and threatned him. Then

Vandermast

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Vandermast rayſed Hector with his Trojans, who defended him from Achilles and the Greekes. Then began there a great battell betweene the Greekes and Trojans, which continued a good ſpace: At laſt Hector was ſlaine, and the Trojans fled. Then did follow a great tempeſt, with thundring and lightning, ſo that the two Conjurers wiſhed that they had beene away. But wiſhes were in vaine: for now the time was come, that the Devill would be paid for the knowledge that hee had lent them, hee would tarry no longer, but then tooke them in the height of their wickedneſſe, and bereft them of their lives.

When the Tempeſt was ended, (which did greatly affright the Townes thereby) the Towneſ-men found the bodies of theſe two men, (Vandermaſt and Bungey) breathleſſe, and ſtrangely burnt with fire. The one had Chriſtian buriall, becauſe of his Order ſake: the other, becauſe he was a ſtranger. Thus was the end of theſe two famous Coniurers.

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How *Miles* would Conjure for Mony, and how he broke his legge for feare.

MIles one day finding his Maſters Study open, ſtole out of it one of his Coniuring Bookes: with this Booke would Miles needes Coniure for ſome money: (for he ſaw that his Maſter had money enough, and he deſired the like, which did make him bold to trouble one of his Maſters Devils.) In a private place he thought it beſt to doe it: Therefore hee went up to the top of the houſe, and there began to reade: Long had hee not read, but a Devill came to him in an ugly ſhape, and asked him what he would have? Miles being affrighted, could not ſpeake, but ſtood quaking there like an Aſpin-leafe: The Devill, ſeeing him ſo, (to increaſe his feare) raiſed a tem-

peſt, and hurled fire about, which made Miles leape from off the Leades, and with his fall broke his legge.

Fryer Bacon hearing this noyſe, ranne forth, and found his man Miles on the ground, and the Devill hurling fire on the houſe top. Firſt laid hée the Devill againe: then went hée to his man, and asked him how he got this broken legge? He told him that his Devill did it: for he had frighted him, and made him leape off from the houſe top. What dideſt thou there, (ſaid his Maſter.) I went to Coniure, Sir, (ſaid Miles) for money: but I have gotten nothing but a broken legge: and I now muſt begge for money to cure that, if you be not the more pittifull to me.

I have oftentimes given you warning not to meddle with my Bookes (ſaid his Maſter) and yet you will ſtill be doing: Take héede, you had beſt, how you deale with the Devill againe: for he that had power to breake your legge, will breake your necke, if you againe doe meddle with him: for this I doe forgive you: for your legge breaking hath paid for your ſawcineſſe: and though I gave you not a broken head, I will give you a playſter, and ſo ſent him to the Chirurgions.

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How two young Gentlemen that came to Fryer *Bacon*, to know how their Fathers did, killed one another, and how Fryer *Bacon* for griefe, did breake his rare Glaſſe, wherein he could ſee any thing that was done within fifty miles about him.

IT is ſpoken of before now, that Fryer Bacon had a Glaſſe, which was of that excellent nature, that any man might behold any thing that he deſired to ſée, within the compaſſe of Fiftie miles round about him: With this Glaſſe hée had pleaſured divers kindes of people; for Fathers did oftentimes deſire to ſée (thereby) how their Children did, and Children how their Parents

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rents did, one friend how another did; and one Enemy (sometimes) how his Enemies did, so that from farre they would come to see this wonderfull Glasse.

It happened one day, that there came to him two yong Gentlemen, (that were Countreymen, and Neighbours Children) for to know of him by his Glasse, how their fathers did: He being no niggard of his cunning, let them see his Glasse, wherein they straight beheld their wishes, which they (through their owne follies) bought at their lives losses, as you shall heare.

The fathers of these two Gentlemen, (in their sons absence) were become great foes; this hatred betweene them was growne to that height, that whersoever they met, they had not onely words but blowes.

Just at that time, as it should seeme, that their Sonnes were looking to see how they were in health, they were met and had drawne, and were together by the eares.

Their Sonnes seeing this, (and having beene alwayes great friends) knew not what to say to one another, but beheld each other with angry lookes: At last, one of their fathers, as they might perceive in the Glasse, had a fall, & the other taking advantage, stood over him ready to strike him: The Sonne of him that was downe, could then containe himselfe no longer, but told the other young-man, that his father had received wrong. He answered againe, that it was faire. At last there grew such foule words betweene them, and their bloods were so heated, that they presently stabbed one another with their Daggers, and so fell downe dead.

Fryer Bacon seeing them fall ranne to them, but it was too late; for they were breathlesse ere hee came. This made him to grieve exceedingly: & iudging that they had received the cause of their deaths by this his Glasse, tooke the Glasse in his hand, and uttered words to this effect.

Wretched Bacon, wretched in thy knowledge, in thy understanding wretched; for thy Art hath beene the ruine

of these two Gentlemen. Had I bene busied in those holy things, the which mine Order tyes me to. I had not had that time that made this wicked Glasse: Wicked I well may call it, that is the causer of so vile an Act; would it were sensible, then should it feele my wrath, but being as it is, I'le ruine it for ruining of them: and with that he broke his rare and wonderfull Glasse, whose like the whole world had not. In this griefe of his, came there newes to him of the Deaths of Vandermast and Fryer Bungey. This did increase his griefe, and made him so sorrowfull, that in three dayes he would not eate any thing, but kept his Chamber.

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How Fryer *Bacon* burnt his Books of Magicke, and gave himselfe to the study of Divinity onely, and how hee turned Anchorite.

In the time that Fryer Bacon kept his Chamber, hee fell into divers meditations: Sometimes into the vanitie of Arts and Sciences: then would hee condemne himselfe for studying of those things that were so contrary to his Order, and soules health, and would say, that Magicke made a Man a Devill: Sometimes would he meditate on Divinity, then would he cry out upon himselfe, for neglecting the study of it, and for studying Magicke: sometimes would he meditate on the shortnesse of mans life, then would he condemne himselfe for spending a time so short, so ill as he had done his: So would he goe from one thing to another, and in all condemne his former studies.

And that the world should know how truely hee did repent his wicked life, hee caused to be made a great fire, and sending for many of his Friends, Schollers, and others, hee spake to them after this manner: My good Friends and fellow Students, it is not unknowne unto you, how that through my Art I have attained to that credit,

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dit, that few men living ever had: Of the wonders that I have done all England can speake, both King and Commons: I have unlocked the secrets of Art and Nature, and let the world see those things, that have layen hid ever since the death of Hermes, that rare and profound Philosopher: My studies have found the secrets of the Starres, the Bookes that I have made of them, doe serve for Presidents to our greatest Doctors, so excellent hath my Judgement beene therein.

I likewise have found out the secrets of Trees, Plants, and Stones, with their severall uses; yet all this knowledge of mine I esteeme so lightly, that I wish that I were ignorant, and knew nothing: for the knowledge of these things, (as I have truely found) serveth not to better a man in goodnesse, but onely to make him proud, and thinke too well of himselfe. What hath all my knowledge of Natures secrets gained mee? Onely this, the losse of a better knowledge, the losse of divine Studies, which makes the immortall part of man: (his Soule) blessed.

I have found, that my knowledge hath beene a heavie burthen, and hath kept downe my good thoughts: but I will remove the cause, which are these Bookes: which I doe purpose here before you all to burne. They all intreated him to spare the Bookes, because in them there were those things that after-ages might receive great benefit by. He would not hearken unto them, but threw them all into the fire, and in that flame burnt the greatest learning in the world.

Then did he dispose of all his goods, some part he gave to poore Schollers, and some he gave to other poore folkes: nothing left he for himselfe: Then caused he to be made in the Church-wall a Cell, where he locked himselfe in, and there remained to his death. His time he spent in Prayer, Meditation, and such Divine exercises, and did seeke by all meanes to perswade men from the studie of Magicke.

Thus lived hée some two yeares space in that Cell, never comming forth; his meate and drinke he received in at a Window, and at that Window he did discourse with those that came to him: his grave he digged with his owne nayles, and was laid there when he died. Thus was the Life and Death of this famous Fryer, who lived most part of his life a Magician, and dyed a true penitent Sinner, and an Anchozite.

FINIS.